

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR

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GEORGE B. TZSCHUCK, Treasurer

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 30th day of June, 1910.

M. F. WALKER, Notary Public

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have the Bee mailed to them.

Stealing autos is not the remedy for scorching.

This is the sort of weather that really tests a man's piety on the Sabbath morning.

The man who originated the anti-mosquito fight is dead, but the mosquito lives on and sings.

With those eastern cities boiling in the sun's rays, here we are cooling off in the balmy breeze of the electric fan.

Those special war correspondents are sending enough slush out of Reno to leave it the cleanest town on earth.

Even inherited distinction has its penalty, as Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and his bride probably realize by now.

"Oklahoma City man jumps from steamer to mid-lake," says news item, but Governor Haskell stands by the old ship.

Those New Yorkers may think they hit the colonel, but they probably forgot that the big stick is still within reach.

Talking about "sawing wood and saying nothing," what do you think of Colonel Roosevelt in his Sagamore hill forest?

Those aviators are soaring rather too high when they fall to give the show they promise and have to sue for their contract price.

After all the Diaz way of winning elections is the surest—keep your opponent and his boosters in jail while your friends vote.

Here is a New York woman advocating cigarettes as a boon to women. If she thinks so, the least she could do would be to keep it to herself.

No matter what happens Governor Gillett can not be despoiled of the credit for having knocked both champion bruisers out of California.

Simplified spelling, we are told, is moving the world over, and in more than one language. Good. We are all in favor of simplified spelling for the Chinese.

"What we need in this country," declared a commencement day orator the other day, "is more men like Judge Ben B. Lindsay and Dr. Anna Shaw." Tough on somebody.

The New York man who cut his throat and then sewed it up again, doubtless wanted to show his friends that he could sew what he ripped as well as reap what he sowed.

Now that the earl of Yarmouth has lost that \$500,000 income, he probably thinks it would have been just as well not to have been so supersensitive about Brother Harry Thaw's disgrace.

The Springfield Union seems to have summed all there is to this "long and short haul" about which congress talked so much, in saying, "it is the time it takes a man to earn his pay and spend it."

Too bad that social plans of so many of England's royal families must be delayed until all the blue-blooded hangers-on find out just how much the new king is going to do for them in the way of pensions and perquisites.

Growing Confidence in Mr. Taft.

"People are observing a considerable change during the last month or two," observes the New York Sun, "in the contemporary estimates of Mr. Taft's personal efficiency as an executive."

The current of public opinion favorable to the president is indeed noteworthy, not only strengthening the faith of those who have steadfastly reposed confidence in Mr. Taft's high abilities, but also reflecting the tendency of those who have shown premature leanings to adverse criticism.

The democratic New York World, for example, even while predicting the election of a democratic congress in November, pays this tribute to Mr. Taft:

In the final hours of the session he showed a capacity for leadership of which most of his warmest admirers had begun to despair. From a reluctant congress he wrung many of the most important measures to which his administration was pledged, and he had good reason to feel "gratified."

The New York Times, which has likewise been generally supercritical, says:

Credit for the passage of some of the most important measures enacted at the session of congress just closed is due to the personal force and insistence of President Taft. Considering the factional and refractory body with which he had to deal, which he had to constrain to his will, it is surprising that he got so much done.

The Brooklyn Eagle, while venturing the opinion that had Mr. Taft sooner exerted himself vigorously we would have had a more satisfactory tariff, is frank enough to say:

Without a "roar" and without reverberation, President Taft has accomplished more than Mr. Roosevelt did. Whether time enough between now and the next election remains to secure for this fact favorable expression at the polls, must be awaited. The democrats are hopeful that time enough does not remain. The people may conclude that time enough does remain, as Mr. Taft hopes.

Along the same line, the Philadelphia Times, which has decidedly independent proclivities, is worth quoting as follows:

We believe the president will receive deserved credit for what he has done in the way of placing new measures on the statute books. His methods are so different from those of his predecessor that it takes some time to get used to them after nearly eight years of President Roosevelt, but the public is coming to understand that Mr. Taft is as sincere in striving to promote reforms and as persevering in a campaign to gain his ends as any president that we have had in recent times.

Another paper which stands high for unbiased judgment, the Springfield Republican, remarking upon the difficulties that the president had to contend with in the sharply divided congress and the "remarkable record of positive legislation," finally secured, declares:

Even the hysterical, screaming Back from Elba army must now admit that as one who "does things" the former president is being outdone. But the people will see this if they do not; and more and more deeply from this time on must the conviction sink into the popular mind that this is an administration of achievement, while that was simply an administration of agitation.

Equally significant are the grudging words of the Indianapolis News, which has been persistently hostile to the administration, in this introduction to its acclaim of the postal savings bank law:

One triumph after another follows the president's changed attitude in applying pressure to congress.

These are only a few of the most significant utterances elicited by the completion of the legislative record under direction of President Taft in conformity with his recommendations, and in pursuance of the promises held out by the republican party during the presidential campaign. These newspapers see that the elections this year should turn on an issue of endorsing this record of achievement, and they all substantially agree that a vote of renewed confidence will be forthcoming if only the people can be made to realize what the president and congress have done for them.

Those Germatic Straps.

The city bacteriologist of San Francisco has made a scientific test of street car straps, commonly used instead of seats, and reports them to be infected with germs of the most dangerous kinds. On a strap taken out of one car it was found that .01 gram, or one-sixth of a grain of the strap, contained 42,000 bacteria. As the whole strap weighed two-ninths of a pound, he estimated that it was covered with 359,100,000 bacteria, including twenty-five varieties of bacilli, some of the most dangerous diseases. Guinea pigs were inoculated with the germs and within thirty-six hours became raving maniacs, dying from blood poisoning in spasms.

This most remarkable discovery was undertaken at the suggestion of a Cincinnati man who decided strap hangers were in imminent peril and went to carrying his own private strap. Evidently we must be on our guard. What is the remedy? Assuming the street car companies will not be able to solve the problem by providing enough seats to obviate the necessity of standing, we may conclude that strap-hanging is here to stay. Must each person then provide himself with a private strap to avoid this contamination? For men it would not be such a hardship, perhaps, because they could take their razor straps along and make them do double service; but what of the women? Possibly this is a trick after all to force the men to do all the standing permitting the women to monopolize the seats, not a bad idea for so unehivalric an age. On the other hand, it has been suggested that street car companies wash their straps at the

end of each run with some sort of antiseptic. This might do, but would it not be safer for each passenger to carry his own private bottle of antiseptic solution and, just before seizing his strap, sterilize it for himself?

Manifestly, the strap is to be ever with us and we have long ago determined that the germ must go. This is the age of the anti-germ; we will tolerate nothing that is known to contain bacilli. And scientists have told us that disease is most commonly communicated from hand to mouth, that the hand is a subtle cesspool of germicidal maladies. Ah, then, what of our money? Must we part with that too, or may we devise a means for cleansing in transit? Money passes very frequently from hand to hand—all too frequently sometimes. Perhaps after all "tainted money" is not an anomaly. We must be on the lookout. Demand a certificate of good health with every nickel, or do not take it. Here we have been hanging onto straps and money all these years, growing fat, rich and dying and going broke and never have discovered before that the hand reaching out for these life-stays is impregnated with death-dealing germs. Hand-shaking, too, must go, for in every friendly grasp there lurks potential death.

Truly, we are learning.

Strength Rather Than Decadence.

In an article contributed to the current Atlantic Monthly, the famous Italian historian, Ferrero, draws an interesting parallel between one period of ancient Rome and existing conditions in the United States. The point which he endeavors to make is that the spirit of puritanism, which in old Rome fought long and strenuously against the corruption of the Asiatic civilization and railed loudly at the tendency toward vice, debt, prodigality and extravagance, emanated from the same conscience, which, in our country and in our day, keeps complaining of the excesses and iniquities that beset us. The opinion of the United States, which is held in Europe, he says, is based upon the yellow journal descriptions of "the Nonorian feats of some multi-millionaire, the sultana-like caprices of some over-rich American lady, the statistics of divorce, the loud excesses of some popular celebration, such as the suppers, with which the new year is ushered in, or the scandalous details of trials, sufficiently scandalous to aspire to the honor of being cabled across the ocean."

Ferrero confesses that when he started for New York he had many of these ideas and prejudices himself, and expected to set foot in a modern Babylon. But once landed in America, it was easy for him to see that in the legend there was great exaggeration. He has come to the conclusion, therefore, that the bad reputation in this respect, borne by the United States abroad, is similar to that of the early period of the Roman empire, when corruption was most talked about because there was still a moral consciousness strong enough to protest against it. As a consequence the outcry complained of should be considered signs, not of decadence, but of strength and virility. "All that I have seen and heard," he declares, "concerning the vice of great American cities, alcoholism, gambling, immorality, seems to be neither more nor less than what I have seen in any of the great cities of Europe." But the explanation he offers is that in America the reaction of the moral consciousness against the progress of extravagance, corruption and vice, is greater here than it is in Europe, where the moral consciousness has for a long time been accustomed to consider all this as inevitable, and, for the present, at least, impossible to reform and, therefore, makes no protest. Because there is still protest in America, but silence in Europe, superficial observers conclude that in the one place there is vice and in the other none, while in reality evil exists on both sides of the ocean; upon the American side there is still faith that it may be extirpated, and there is a will to attempt the work of purification.

If Ferrero has diagnosed our case aright then we, in this country, are combating abuses of luxury and excesses of wealth, to which Europe is inertly resigned, and, instead of suffering decadence, it remains for us to solve the social problems, which those abroad have ceased even to struggle with.

The Menace of Auto Speeding.

Reckless automobile driving seems to be growing general in the United States, for reports of accidents are multiplying and confined to no state or section. Various cities are sounding the alarms to the autolets, urging them to slow down and pay more heed to human life and in the same voice, urging the authorities to exert their influence to see that these law riders restrain their mania for speed.

The autolets are moving rapidly toward the point where stringent laws will have to be enacted for their benefit. The speed maniacs have already challenged public patience and are now inviting official penalty. It is unreasonable to suppose that this useless and violent disregard of human life can go on ununleashed long. The automobile is the last vehicle to come into the public thoroughfare, and yet it is the first to claim the right-of-way. It has denied to the pedestrian all semblance of right, crowded the horse-drawn vehicle back to the curb and is now fighting it out with the trolley car, and the strange thing is, that one never hears of an autoleit admitting that at the time of his mishap he was running his

machine at a rapid rate. In Cleveland the other day, a young woman, running an auto, killed a child, and still maintained that she was barely moving her machine; yet she was driving it past a trolley car at an intersection so fast that she was unable to stop it in time to prevent snatching the child out of its father's hand and killing it.

Auto-speeding has come to be a national menace, and state or municipalities will be forced to take it in hand.

The Price of Popularity.

Although he does not say so, Colonel Roosevelt would doubtless be glad if his ardent admirers would, for a while, cease writing letters and sending papers, books and magazines to him, for he now has on hands enough correspondence to employ him steadily for six months in answering if he did nothing else. Some of those who have thoughtfully written the former president must not be disappointed, therefore, if they do not get prompt replies.

At his home in Oyster Bay, Mr. Roosevelt says he has 10,000 letters yet unanswered, 2,000 or more books sent for review, autograph or endorsement and heaps of papers and magazines and the mails are still bringing their daily consignments. The time required to answer all these communications would be great enough imposition on any man, to say nothing of the enormous expense involved in stationery, postage and stenographers' bills. If Mr. Roosevelt should choose not to pay this price for popularity, therefore, he could not be fairly blamed.

The gratification of such public esteem must be neutralized by a feeling of impatience on the part of the recipient. Mr. Roosevelt has doubtless wished many times that his friends had a better brand of discretion at their command. It is not, as a matter of fact, the more thoughtful, earnest admirer who takes this means of manifesting his affection; we imagine it is one of our American ways, though, of showing our good will and foolish as the way may be, men like Colonel Roosevelt cannot escape its manifestations.

Strong Men for the Pulpit.

The cry of today is for more strong men in the pulpit. It comes from the material world and it comes from the divinity school; it comes from the pulpit, itself. How is the cry to be answered? The church is asking that question in a spirit somewhat of despair. Let the church answer it, for it has the power if it will but use it. Let the pews open their purse strings a little wider and the question will be well high solved.

What, do men go into the gospel ministry to make money? No, but many men refuse to go there, because they cannot make as much money as they think they need to live comfortably, and as much as they can get in other lines of life. That is a perfectly laudable view to take, and it comes very near summing up the whole situation. The church might as well be frank and admit the truth of this matter; ministers enjoy comfortable livings for themselves and families as well as other people. And why should they go without when they do not have to? The obligation of preaching the gospel rests no heavier on them than on all.

If the church is to maintain the progress of religion as among the most potent influence in the world, it will have to do its duty better by its clergy and if it does that it will be very apt to get more strong men into the pulpit. The preacher must be a leader, a man who can impress the thoughts and direct the conduct of other men, but no weakling, no mediocre, can hope to accomplish this. The world is not following low standards today; it is aiming high.

The lack of strong men in the pulpit is becoming distressing, and it is being laid very largely to the fact that promising young men are deterred from entering the ministry because of the niggardly opportunities for material comfort. The educational requirements are high, and the social demands numerous, the exactions are great in many ways and they feel that there should be some more adequate recompense, even of a material character.

Last year every seminary in one of the strongest Protestant churches showed a falling off in number of students and an executive head of another great church in New York told the president of a western seminary that he could place every graduate of his school in one day if he could have the men. But the divinity schools are short-handed for the reason that the colleges that heretofore turned over large classes each year to the seminary, are no longer able to do so. The tide is drifting steadily in the opposite direction and the church must take measures to turn it.

Passion Play in America.

One of the large Theatrical syndicates has arranged to bring the Tyrol Passion play to this country for one year, securing the artists who have been producing this tragedy of Golgotha for so many years at Oberammergau. If present plans are carried out, they will present it at East Aurora, where a mammoth auditorium will be built for the purpose.

On first thought reverent people may consider this an unwarranted use to make of what is considered by many the most sacred fact of history, a wholesale commercializing of the solemn act of redeeming the human race, but why has not that same view long ago disconcerted the decennial performances in the quaint little Tyrol village, whose people are so devoted to

SERMONS BOILED DOWN.

The great test is, can we bear the little fret? Many mistake a sealed head for a sanctified heart. Life owes a living only to the man who gives a life. They who wait on God are never found sitting idle. Many a man models his golden calf before a mirror. It takes more than church fairs to make a fair church. True saints never groan over the growing pains of grace. More opinion are born in the stomach than in the head. He best knows his rights who can sometimes give them up. One of the gravest faults is to be blind to the virtues of others. It is always easier to talk of the divine plans than it is to do them. It is better to learn to still the spirit within than the storm without. It's mighty hard being patient with the man who prates of his patience. It's better to have things all wrong when you're right than to have things all right when you're wrong.—Chicago Tribune.

SECULAR SHOTS AT PULPIT.

Washington Star: Some ministers are willing to make any sacrifice for the cause in which they labor. Here is Dr. Aked, Mr. Rockefeller's New York pastor, going to Europe to take a ride in an airship. Great missionary work, this! Pittsburgh Dispatch: A New York preacher who has been released by his wealthy congregation because he insisted on preaching socialism says you cannot serve God and mammon. The discovery is not new, even if he did test it by experience. Washington Herald: We do not know who the Rev. W. J. Hindley is, save that he is pastor of a Congregational church in Spokane, Wash., but we are "for him." He has just inaugurated a "Father's Day," a day in which, as he says, he wants to give everybody a chance to "speak a few kind words for the old man, who surely needs sympathy." Sure, he does! None more so. The founder of this movement hopes that it will spread all over the country, and so do we. We hope it will reach Washington and everywhere else, so that poor old dad may chirp up and begin to know that it is not going to be eternally neglected. Boston Transcript: In calling for the resignation of the priest of the Church of the Annunciation at Florence, Mass., because he had commended to his flock such institutions as Harvard, Yale and Smith, Bishop Heaven of the diocese of Springfield was doubtless acting within the strict rules of his order. But that a great many of the Catholic laity sympathize with the views of the deposed priest is shown in their large patronage of such institutions. The rolls of Harvard constantly bear the names of many Catholics who are annually added to the ranks of high-class citizenship, and other colleges are more and more becoming the alma maters of students of that faith. In the class that graduated at Williams last week the Roman Catholics were fourth in a list of a dozen or more denominations, and this is typical of the times.

THE PRESIDENT AND LABOR.

Futile Attempts to Misrepresent the Former's Position. Minneapolis Journal. Persistent efforts to misrepresent the president's attitude toward the Hughes rider on the sundry civil bill will hardly be effective, because the president's words always get such publicity that it is almost impossible to make him the victim of misrepresentation in an affair of this kind. The president frankly opposed an attempt to pass class legislation by means of a rider on an appropriation bill. It is not labor strikes that he disapproved of, but the boycott, and especially the secondary boycott, which has been declared illegal by the supreme court. He objected to seeing the boycott exempted from prosecution in this indirect manner. Mr. Taft has been a consistent opponent of the un-American boycott throughout his public life. The American people, including the most intelligent and fair-minded section of organized labor, has come to see that Mr. Taft is right. There is nothing in the Sherman law that prevents a body of men from stopping work when dissatisfied with wages or conditions of labor. There is nothing in it to prevent them from using fair means of inducing other men not to take the places they have vacated. What the supreme court has condemned as contrary to law is the boycott, which seeks to prevent a third party, who has no relation to the strike whatever, from buying or selling certain goods. They who invoke the secondary boycott, say, "We will not work for you. We will not buy the goods you make. We will not buy goods of the man who buys your goods. We will not do business with any man who does business with anyone who does business with you." And so on.

Operations of Real Road Roller.

The Mexican national election passed off quietly. It did not well pass off otherwise, as the opposition candidate for the presidency, was in prison, charged with sedition. Under the circumstances the only thing to wonder at is that a few thousand votes against Diaz were cast in the capital. Diaz will be president as long as he lives, but the forced unanimity of his reelection only gives the more emphasis to the question, After Diaz, what?

FARMER TO THE FORE.

What the Harvest Will Be Commanded World-Wide Interest. Philadelphia Record. Now that congress is out of the way, President Taft intent on his well-earned vacation, the Oyster Bay volcano in a state of suppressed eruption and the dull season imminent in politics and business, the most serious matter of speculation consideration is the possible return of the crops. How much cotton, grain and other farm staples shall we have to export with which to pay the heavy foreign liabilities and our yearly outlay expenses on the other side of the ocean? This is the matter that will chiefly occupy the minds of railway officials, financiers and speculative bulls and bears for the next ninety days. The plodding farmer is the Atlas that upholds on his broad shoulders the whole fabric of industry. Men must go fed and clothed the world over. In consequence every branch of domestic enterprise and the whole movement of international credits drag along, awaiting the upturn of the farmer's plow and the harvesting of the crops.

Our Birthday Book

July 3, 1910. George W. Kirchwey, former dean of the law school at Columbia university, was born July 3, 1855, at Detroit. He is the author of a number of legal books, and has visited Omaha as the guest of the local Columbia Alumni association.

Reuben T. Otto, pastor of the Lutheran St. Paul's church, was born July 3, 1881, in Posen, Germany, being brought to this country as an infant by his parents. He graduated into the ministry from Concordia Theological seminary in St. Louis and began his work in Landestreu, way up in Saskatchewan, Canada. He was called to his charge in Omaha last year.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.

Tobacco is scheduled to go up in price as well as in smoke. The outgivings of such eminent reformers as Sullivan, Corbett, Fitzsimmons and the rest is thereby headed by one paper, "Live Talks by Dead Ones." California is wasting valuable time trying to convert the Reno push into harvest hands. The profession and its satellites are steadfastly against all tasks other than working the crowd. Just to show how little financial economy there is in a "safe and sane" Fourth, a charity booster in Cleveland is touching the townspeople for what they heretofore spent for fireworks and things. Having dined all the socks in the shack, Margaret Hurling Frohman Bowers wisely proposes to put some coin in the venerable receptacle. That is the artistic test of darning. Colonel Roosevelt has a pile of unanswered letters that would take all his time for three months and convert his income into postage stamps. While he is disposed to give Uncle Sam a reasonable boost, Sagamore Hill relishes a steak smothered in onions occasionally. Joseph P. Thomas of New York, inventor and promoter of the hoop skirt, is about to give up the ghost at the age of 84. If there are on the sunny side of the Styx a flock of girls who bore the awful burden forty or more years ago, the shade of Mr. Thomas will get what's coming to it. According to veracious accounts by literary artists on the spot, life at Reno is made uncommonly interesting for the early comers. Sleeping accommodations may be had for the reasonable sum of \$9 a night, and a real hungry person can obtain a platter of ham and eggs for two pinks. When the city of Trenton, N. J., put in operation the "no rent, no fare," law friends of the oppressed corporations sobbed loudly and predicted dire things. But the law works well for company and the people. More cars during rush hours relieved the strain on the straps and more people travel as the accommodations improve.

"MY POP."

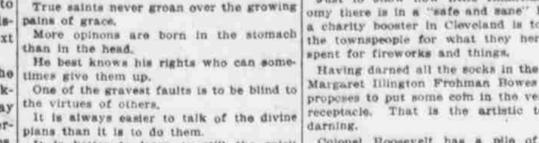
W. D. Nesbit in Chicago Post. My Pop, when he goes to his work, He lets me go with him part way; He'll catch the street car with a jerk An' call "goodby," an' then I'll stay Right on the corner till I see it. The street car turn "way off somewhere," An' think of what he says to me: "Sometimes," "We'll take life share and share, "Cause you and me are partners, Jim." An' I couldn't do without him, An' he Couldn't do without me. You see, we're all there; just Pop An' me; that's all there is of us. He says that's why we mustn't stop Our good times long-enough to fuss Or scold each other, but we'll just Have all our good times share and share. "We'll eat our cake, or eat our crust," An' always have a crumb to spare. He says, "You better be wise off, Jim." An' I couldn't do without him, An' he Couldn't do without me. No matter if he's tired at night He's got the time to sing me, An' see how well I read an' write— Or maybe, if it pleases him, He'll take me on a trolley ride. Or to a show, or to the park, An' bug me out to his song. When we ride home "way after dark," An' he'll say, "Good old partner Jim!" An' I couldn't do without him, An' he Couldn't do without me. My ma's in heaven—she went there So long ago that I forgot About her, "cept her pretty hair. An' soft white hands that used to pet Me, like my Pop does now. An' so I'll be glad when my Pop goes To heaven he'll wait in the glow Before the gate they never close. An' I'll tell you when my Pop, "Cause I couldn't do without him, An' he Couldn't do without me."

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